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CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XV

PITTSBURGH, PA., APRIL 1941

NUMBER 1



RAPHAEL: ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON—1504-5

From the National Gallery of Art, Mellon Collection

(See Page 15)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY, EXCEPTING JULY AND AUGUST, IN THE INTEREST OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, AND THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY, PITTSBURGH, PA. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. ON SALE AT INSTITUTE POST OFFICE, AND THE BOOK DEPARTMENTS OF KAUFMANN'S AND THE JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY.

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HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

VOLUME XV NUMBER 1

APRIL 1941

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardness and policy.

—HENRY V

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—11—

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—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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THE MAGAZINE IN THE SOUTH

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I am sending a check in this letter to pay for two one-year subscriptions, beginning with the April issue of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, to the libraries of Hampden Sydney College and Virginia Polytechnic Institute, both in Virginia. The sample copies which I asked you to send have been most warmly received. From V.P.I. this came, "the Magazine is fine, a great addition to our list. Thank you." I enclose the letter from Hampden Sydney, which I am sure will warm the cockles of your heart, especially where it speaks of "the scholarly articles and the general high tone of the Magazine as a whole." Old Hampden Sydney is the sixth oldest college in America, having been born just one year before the Revolution. All of Patrick Henry's sons attended this college, James Madison's nephew, and both Madison and Henry were members of its infant Board of Trustees. It is a great democratic institution, still teaches the grand old classics, and has, as its foundation stone, the Bible. The Virginia Polytechnic Institute is Virginia's great engineering college and my husband's alma mater.

I like the idea of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE going South. With kind wishes for all of you connected with this fine Magazine, literally cultural in its nature, I am,

—MRS. CHARLES BAYLOR WALKER

PHIDIAS AT YORK

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE arrived today, and I think the articles this month are most interesting, especially the one about Phidias. Also, I always enjoy the editorials.

—EMILY BENHAM WEISER
(Mrs. Norman)

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold:—

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,

"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God has blessed;

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT

SPRING WILDFLOWERS

By O. E. JENNINGS

Curator, Section of Botany, Carnegie Museum



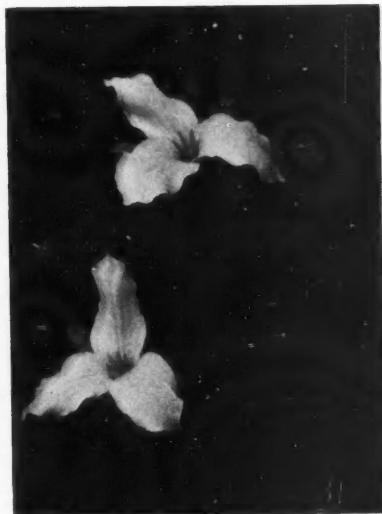
AFTER the first real signs of spring our native vegetation takes about a month to wake up, and usually our early wildflowers cannot be found until around the first of April. Seasons differ considerably,

however, as to the relative dates of appearance of the flowers of low herbaceous plants as compared with those of taller shrubs and trees. If the ground has been deeply frozen, a few warm days may coax the flowers of shrubs and trees to open before it has warmed up sufficiently to awaken the flower buds of the ground dwellers. Also, our seasons vary so from year to year that the dates of opening for the early flowers may differ by as much as three or even four weeks. For example, the earliest recorded date of the blooming of the native snow trillium in our district is the third of March, while its tardiest appearance was around the first of April.

Some kind of plant can be found flowering out of doors in the Pittsburgh district during every month of the year. The precocious buds of the shrubby witch hazel of our wooded ravines and hillsides do not wait until spring to open but display yellow straplike petals in October and November. The Oklahoma witch hazel blossoms later, at any time from December to March. The striped and mottled hoods of the skunk cabbage—green, reddish, or purplish—can often be found pushing their way up through the muddy soil of the swamp as early as Christmas, and almost always can be

found flowering in February and March. If the winter be mild, the small star-shaped flowers of the chickweed can usually be seen along sheltered hillsides during the winter months. The European Christmas rose, or hellebore, occasionally blooms in gardens during mild periods in the winter, sometimes even under the snow. Its flowers are greenish-white or purplish and from one to two inches in diameter.

The sudden opening of early spring flowers after a long cold winter is so cheerful and reassuring that the world has been searched over for early-blooming plants for our gardens and lawns. One of the earliest to appear on the lawn, usually flowering during the first half of March, is the southern European snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*) with its single, inch-long white flower nodding modestly. Its three inner



TRILLIUM



COLUMBINE

petals, tipped with green, are shorter than those of the central European snowflake (*Leucojum vernum*) which usually comes about a week later. Its white flowers resemble those of the snowdrop, but the six petal-like divisions of its corolla are all the same length and are all artistically tipped with green. About the middle of March the flowers of the different species and varieties of crocus—white or lilac, purple-streaked or yellow—are opening on bright days amidst a tuft of their grasslike leaves.

The squills (*Scilla*) and the glory-of-the-snow (*Chionodoxa*) usually come along with the crocus, or even a few days earlier. Both have narrow grasslike leaves, from the midst of which stems rise bearing from three to several flowers about an inch long. In the common *Chionodoxa* the six blue divisions fade into white in the center of the flower where they become united into a tube about halfway down. The flower parts of the squills are separate practically all the way to the base, and the more commonly grown species is deep blue.

Perhaps the most interesting of our very early native spring wildflowers is the snow trillium (*Trillium nivale*), usually blooming with the crocus about the middle of March. The plants are from three to six inches in height, bearing a whorl of blunt leaves at the middle or above, and a single flower with three white petals an inch or more long. This is a Mississippi or Ohio valley species that ventures eastward into Pennsylvania for only a short distance—as far as Trafford and Elizabeth—always occurring here in wooded ravines where there are hemlocks. It is frequently subjected to severe freezing weather when in bloom and is sometimes even snowed under. Another plant that is sometimes snowed under is the little harbinger-of-spring or pepper-and-salt plant (*Erigenia*): a member of the carrot family with finely divided leaves and a cluster of small white flowers with dark-colored stamens, suggesting the name "pepper-and-salt."

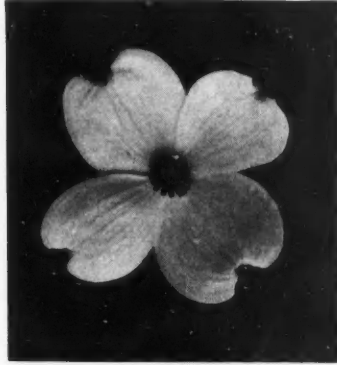
Many of our earliest flowers are small and inconspicuous and up far enough above the cold ground in the tops of trees and shrubs to get the full benefit



CAROLINA SPRING BEAUTY

of the occasional warm days of late March and early April. The tops of the red maple are usually reddish; the silver maple, yellowish red; and the elms brownish, with bunches of small flowers, during the latter part of March or the first of April.

The dangling, tassel-like catkins of the alders along the creek, and of the hazel on the thickety hillside, may also be seen during March or early April. In gardens and parks the European hazel vies in earliness with its American relative, and about the same time the tufts of minute golden-yellow flowers of the Cornelian cherry, or Old World dogwood, push aside the dark brown bud scales that have protected them during the cold blasts of winter. Similarly, in late February or early March, the fuzzy white catkin of the pussy willow bursts the bounds of the single dark bud scale that held it prisoner. The pussy-willow catkins, however, do not really come into flower until late March or early April, about the time that the shrubby, Old World golden bell, or forsythia, usually begins to display its wealth of yellow flowers, each deeply parted into



FLOWERING DOGWOOD

four inch-long petals. About this time, too, the Carolina poplars along the street drop their long catkins, like reddish caterpillars, on the sidewalks. This year the season is now about two weeks late.

Late in March or early in April the two hepaticas appear on the hillsides where the dead forest leaves did not cover them too deeply. The one has the three lobes of the leaves rounded, the other, sharply pointed. The flowers vary in color from the bluest of the blue to rose-tinted or pure white. John Burroughs wrote, "There is nothing fairer, if as fair, as the first flower, the hepatica," indicating that it was evidently the first wildflower to appear in his neighborhood.

Up on the brow of the hillside, under the white oaks, where the wind sweeps the old dead leaves away, the soil is cold and acid. Here, in the early part of April, blooms the trailing arbutus, a small trailing shrub with its evergreen leaves bronzed by the wintry blasts. The small, tubular, pink flowers are faintly, but delightfully, fragrant. Formerly it was abundant in the Pittsburgh region, but it has been ruthlessly and thoughtlessly gathered and is to be found here now in only a few unfrequented or carefully protected spots. By the middle of April, while the stem is yet barely showing above the rosette of green



STONECROP

winter leaves along the ledges and shady banks, the early saxifrage (*Saxifraga virginicensis*) opens a few of its small white flowers. Its stem lengthens as the season progresses, and by the end of May, when it is a foot or more high, it may still be producing flowers at the top. Following the saxifrage and the hepaticas closely, the first bloodroots may be found along the lower slopes of the wooded hillsides. At first their waxy-green, thick, notched leaves are closely wrapped around the flower bud as it pushes its way up and out to blossom eventually in the bright sunshine. The pure white flowers are an inch or more wide, with eight or more petals, and the whole plant has a blood-red juice.

In western Pennsylvania there are at least two thousand different kinds of native flower-bearing plants. Many of these, such as the grasses and sedges, have small inconspicuous flowers that would not attract general attention. Probably not more than four or five hundred do bear conspicuous or otherwise generally interesting flowers, and of these not more than one-third would be called "spring wildflowers." The greatest number of them bloom in May. During the earlier part of the spring most of the attractive native wildflowers occur in the woods, but, as summer approaches and the woods become leafy and shady, showy wildflowers are to be found more and more in the open.

The real vernal, or spring, season of these woodland wildflowers usually begins some time after the middle of April and reaches its height by about the middle of May, depending somewhat on the season. During the early part of May the leaf buds of some of the woodland trees are opening, and it almost seems that among the woodland wildflowers the rush is on to get the business of flowering finished before the rising tide of green foliage shuts off the much needed sunlight.

In the front ranks of these late April or early May flowers are the two spring

beauties, with clusters of pink-striped flowers borne above the grasslike leaves of the Virginia spring beauty; or the wilder, somewhat paddle-shaped leaves of the Carolina species. The early rue has much-divided, fernlike leaves and small greenish flowers bunched in nodding clusters at first. The early buttercup ventures out cautiously on the hillside where it gets the sun, its first inch-wide yellow flowers opening while still nestled down among the clustered leaves. On the middle and lower slopes of wooded hillsides the white two-spurred flowers of the Dutchman's breeches dangle, bottom side up, above the finely divided fernlike leaves; while the similar, but more bluntly spurred squirrel corn flowers may occur near by. Under the sugar maples, on the rich, well-drained bottomland along the creek, the flowers of the yellow adder's-tongue (*Erythronium*), each widely bell-shaped and lilylike, nod above the two mottled leaves at the base of its stem.

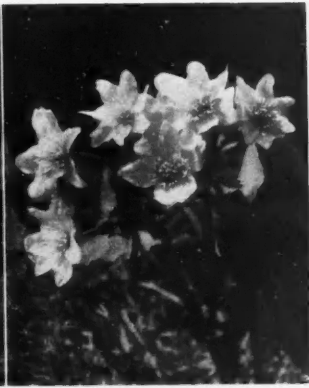
At the same time that our woodland spring wildflowers are at their best, the trilliums are also in their full glory. All trilliums have three green sepals, three petals, and a whorl of three leaves on the upper part of the stem. The large flowered trillium (*Trillium grandiflorum*), which has a white flower with a spread of about three inches, are sometimes so abundant on protected hillsides as to make them seem covered with snow. When these flowers mature, they often turn pinkish, and are then sometimes mistaken for the painted trillium (*T. undulatum*), which, however, has the center of the flower delicately shaded and striped with pink, and the edges of the petals crinkled. The painted trillium does not occur in Allegheny County, but is abundant in the mountains just east and in the cooler woodlands not far to the north and northeast. The wake-robin or ill-scented trillium (*T. erectum*) is common in undisturbed woodlands in the Pittsburgh district. Its petals are liver-colored, lemon-yellow, white, or very



DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES



WINDFLOWER



MARSH MARIGOLD

rarely pink, narrower than those of the large-flowered trillium, and somewhat fleshy. The sessile trillium (*T. sessile*) has a small, purplish-red flower nestling at the junction of the three, roundish, mottled leaves. This trillium is to be found on moist bottomlands along with the adder's-tongue lily, and peculiarly, both species have similarly mottled leaves. The recurved trillium (*T. recurvatum*) with yellow flowers curved back under the leaves, was formerly abundant in the swampy woodland at Thornhill, at the northern edge of our county, but both it and the beautiful shooting star (*Dodecatheon*) were destroyed a few years ago by a flock of sheep, thus exterminating the last stand of these two interesting plants from the flora of western Pennsylvania.

The dwarf larkspur prefers nonacid soils and has spurred, blue, or sometimes white or pinkish, flowers in erect racemes standing above the rather finely divided leaves. The two bellworts (*Uvularia grandiflora* and *U. perfoliata*) both have yellow, drooping flowers, one to two inches long. In these bellworts the bases of the leaves grow completely around the stem. Two of the Solomon's-seal species are common in our region. The true Solomon's-seal usually bears a cluster of two small, greenish flowers from the bases of each of the oval leaves

along the curved stem; while the false Solomon's-seal bears a branched cluster of small white flowers at the end of the stem beyond the leaves.

The wild ginger, named from the gingery flavor of its rhizome—or underground rootlike stem—bears two heart-shaped leaves from between which, at the surface of the soil, grows a single reddish-brown, three-pointed flower. The toothworts have peppery rhizomes. The common one (*Dentaria laciniata*) has a whorl of three much-divided leaves about half-way up the stem, and a cluster of white or pinkish four-petalled flowers at the top. Another toothwort with similar flowers—the crinkleroot (*D. diphylla*)—has two leaves on the stem, each with three toothed divisions. Around the rocks and bases of trees, where the wind blows away the old leaves, the stonecrop grows. Its small fleshy leaves are in threes, and the white five-pointed flowers are on the upper side of the widely spreading flower branches. Of the violets there are nearly twenty kinds in our region—blue, white, or yellow—and each has its own preference as to habitat, be it swamp or dry hill-top, dark, cool woods or open field.

Out in the swamp, where the skunk cabbage fruits are now forming, is the marsh marigold, capping the little

hummocks with masses of inch-wide flowers, shining like burnished gold. Along the ledges and shaly banks, where earlier bloomed the saxifrage, the columbine is now growing, with its pink flowers hanging head-down, thus preventing water from filling the slender spurs and diluting the precious nectar. Farther up the hillside, under the white oaks at the brow, where belated arbutus flowers may still be found, is the delicate windflower, or rue anemone, with delicate white flowers the size of a penny waving and trembling on their slender wiry stems at every breath of air. Of our early wild phloxes, there are three. The common one of our hillside is the "blue phlox" (*Phlox divaricata*) with blue, pinkish, or white flowers, about an inch across; the little tufted one of the shaly bluffs (*P. subulata*) or the "moss pink," has blue, pink, or white flowers; and the creeping phlox (*P. reptans*) of moist woodlands usually has reddish purple flowers, also about an inch across.

The limitations of space do not permit me to mention the many more interesting spring wildflowers that may be seen in undisturbed and protected woodlands in this part of Pennsylvania. A number of them will be found in the Spring Wildflower habitat group in the Carnegie Museum that is soon to be remodelled with added species. It depicts the flora of a ravine around the first of May, when the flowering dogwood is glorifying the landscape. The herbarium of the Carnegie Museum is one of the leading local herbaria of the country and a particularly valuable source of reference for anyone who wishes to study the native wildflowers of western Pennsylvania seriously. So far as possible, the botanists on the staff of the Museum are always ready to assist those who wish to find the names of plants or to learn more about the unusually diversified and interesting wildflowers indigenous to this part of the state, either by having individual specimens identified, or by intensive study of the Museum collection.

SCHOLASTIC EXHIBITION

THE fourteenth annual national high-school exhibition sponsored by Scholastic, the American High School Weekly, will be held in the galleries of the Carnegie Institute from May 12 to June 1. This Scholastic exhibition, with its attendant awards and scholarships totalling \$12,000, offers incentive and recognition to young people who excel in the work regularly taught in America's schools in painting, drawing, sculpture, design, ceramics, jewelry, and textiles. The show is designed to feature this work so that the public may see the potentialities of art education, and to extend interest in the creative arts and crafts so that these young people will retain in later life an appreciation of the beauty and values of art. Regional exhibitions were held in various parts of the country, and the winners of these competitions were sent to Pittsburgh to be judged for the national exhibition.

This national exhibition was judged on April 7 and 8 by more than a score of outstanding educators, sculptors, painters, artists and critics in various other phases of art; and scholarships for future study and cash prizes were awarded by them under the personal direction of Maurice R. Robinson, Editor of Scholastic. Among the judges this year were such nationally-known art figures as Edward Steichen, Kenneth Hayes Miller, William Zorach, Paul Sample, Viktor Schreckengost, and Janet de Coux. W. A. Radio, Head of the Department of Painting and Design, Carnegie Institute of Technology, and Norman Rice, Dean of the Art School, Art Institute of Chicago, examined the work entered for scholarships, at the same time awarding for their respective schools.

A more detailed account of the exhibition will be included in the May issue of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.

THE STABILITY OF SOCIETY

The foundation of every state is the education of its youth.

—DIOGENES

CHRISTOPHER WREN'S MASTERPIECE

The Story of St. Paul's Cathedral

BY MARSHALL BIDWELL

Organist and Director of Music, Carnegie Institute

[This article is adapted from one of Dr. Bidwell's 1941 series of Lenten lectures.]



IN this crucial hour, when we may learn at any moment that Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral are blasted into eternity, I cannot think of anything more appropriate than to give our attention to a visit to St. Paul's—London's greatest church and the pride of the British Empire. It is quite a contrast to Westminster Abbey—much the older building and therefore possessing by far the greater charm—but no one will question the grandeur and importance of St. Paul's in English history. Architecturally it is far more English than the Abbey, and the story of St. Paul's is the story, not of kings and royal dynasties, but of the English people themselves.

This wonderful building is on a site hallowed for more than a thousand years. I shall not try to go back into history to the time when a Roman general built a temple to Diana on this exact spot, nor shall I describe the images of the goddess that have been found underground. Suffice it to say that this pagan temple gave place to a Christian church about the year 600. Much of this early history is enveloped in a London fog, but we do know that after the year 900 there began the series of disastrous fires with which St. Paul's has been so often tortured and which explains why our knowledge of the history of the Cathedral is so limited. For

every time there was a fire, the records were destroyed.

There was a Norman bishop at St. Paul's before William the Conqueror arrived, but the earliest actual mention of the Cathedral is in 1075, when an important church council for the whole of England was held there. Even then, we know nothing of the size or appearance of the building. Then came another fire, and a new church—commonly spoken of as "Old St. Paul's"—was put up in 1087: the last year of the reign of the Conqueror.

Old pictures and drawings of this magnificent building, which took two hundred years to complete, show that it had a suggestion of reaching toward the skies, just as the present St. Paul's suggests a firm grip on the earth. That spire was nearly five hundred feet high—the tallest in Europe, and the Cathedral was the greatest church of its time. Vast, lofty, of enormous length, and of incomparable beauty, it soared above the city of London in the old days. It was in the shape of a Latin cross and was considerably longer and narrower than the present Cathedral. It attained its final magnificence in the thirteenth century, and, like Westminster Abbey, it was crowded with monuments and tombs of illustrious men.

Now the thing that interested me more than anything else in reading the old history of London was the fact that St. Paul's was a democratic church; that is, it was the church of the people, the citizen's church, as opposed to the Royal Abbey at Westminster. From its associations and the uses to which it has been put, St. Paul's is more emphatically the national cathedral than



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

any other in the island. So many historic events took place here that I couldn't begin to enumerate them. At St. Paul's the people chose Stephen as their king. It was here, in John's reign, that the great Magna Charta was drafted. Here Henry IV exposed the murdered body of Richard II. Nobles as well as kings learned to feel the national pulse at St. Paul's. The great church also registered the ebb and flow of popular feeling during the troubled times of the Reformation. Catholics and Protestants preached against each other, and there were wrangles inside its sacred walls. In 1377 John Wycliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," was tried here for heresy. Martin Luther's books were publicly burnt here, and the people assembled to hear the sermons of Ridley and Latimer.

About twelve feet from the Cathedral, in the midst of the church yard,

was an octagon-shaped outdoor pulpit, called Paul's Cross. It was made of wood and mounted on stone steps with a canopy over it of lead. Above the roof rose the Cross from which the name is derived. For four hundred years—until it was demolished in 1643 by order of Parliament—the king and his court, the mayor, the aldermen, and the chief citizens came here to listen to sermons by eminent divines. Against the choir wall was a gallery of two tiers, and unless the weather was very bad, the congregation endured length of discourse that puts us to shame. This most famous pulpit in England had been part and parcel of English history through its entire lifetime.

In 1561, while Queen Elizabeth was regnant, the Cathedral was struck by lightning that burnt down the spire and did considerable damage otherwise. By the time of James I (A.D. 1620) the Cathedral was in so terrible a state of dilapidation that steps were taken to repair it. The work was entrusted to the famous architect, Inigo Jones, who got as far as refacing the Cathedral inside and out, and adding an elaborate Italian portico, incongruous on a Gothic building, when he was interrupted by the outbreak of the Civil War. In the meantime, the Puritan troops stabled their horses in the choir of this sacred edifice, and the soldiers employed their leisure time in playing ninepins in the nave and in defacing the building generally. They removed and sold the scaffolding that Inigo Jones had set up for the purpose of restoring the vaulting, and consequently the roof work fell down. The soldiers didn't like the

portico, either, so they pulled that down, too.

By the time of the restoration of the monarchy, in 1660, the Cathedral was almost reduced to a ruin. It is hard to believe the conditions existing at this time. Historians tell us that twenty years after the Reformation the citizens had lost their veneration for their church. They had made it into a town hall, and it became both a market place and a public promenade, a meeting place where lawyers waited for their clients, and where gallants endeavored to attract the notice of their ladies. It was perhaps an act of Providence that the Great Fire of 1666 came along to purify the site. But this old Cathedral, with all its faults and imperfections, stood as a focus of the English history of its time. Great men and events moved with it through the centuries; and the history of the Cathedral during these years reflects the history of the whole nation.

England will always remember the years 1665 and 1666. In 1665 a terrible plague killed seventy thousand people. The horrors of this pestilence are graphically described in the diary of Samuel Pepys, who was an eye-witness. No sooner did the plague come to an end than the Great Fire of 1666 broke out. Just a week or so before this memorable September 2, a group of serious gentlemen had met at St. Paul's to consider again the repairing of the great building that was fast falling into decay, and to read a report of one of their number—a certain Christopher Wren—who was with them at this momentous meeting. On his recent return from France, where he had been studying, Wren had been appointed Assistant-General of His Majesty's Works, and he was called in to tell the commission what should be done.

Christopher Wren was an amazing person. He had been educated at Westminster School and at Oxford, where he studied mathematics, geometry, and astronomy—all coming down in a straight line from ancient Greece. As

a mathematician, he was automatically a surveyor and architect, for architecture in those days was so closely allied to surveying that the terms were often interchangeable. When he was twenty-four he was appointed Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College, and five years before the Great Fire he brought to Charles II his designs for a new London. He wanted to do for London what L'Enfant later did for Washington. Since his father was Dean of Windsor under Charles I, and his uncle was Bishop of Ely, Wren had friends in high places.

To return to Old St. Paul's, you will see that it was perfectly natural that the committee should want to patch up the old Cathedral and restore it on the old lines that had made it a great church in Elizabeth's day. Imagine the consternation of these gentlemen when, just a week after the plans and estimates were ordered, the whole thing was in flames. A fire that started in a baker's shop spread from the Tower of London to the Temple Church in Fleet Street, consuming all the buildings within a half mile of the river, includ-



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

ing the Cathedral and nearly all the hundred other churches in the city, together with more than thirteen thousand houses.

Well, the roof of St. Paul's fell with a terrific crash down into the crypt, and the largest church in England became a mass of smoking ruins. An old account of the happening by John Evelyn tells of great stones from the edifice which "flew like grenades, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with a fiery redness."

Medieval London, within its area of about one square mile, was a city of churches. In the fourteenth century, when the population was between forty and fifty thousand, the city possessed one hundred and twenty-six parish churches. I mention this because so far I'm afraid I've given the impression that St. Paul's was the only church in London. Eighty-six of these churches were burned during the Fire, which was really a blessing in disguise, for it cleared away the narrow plague-ridden streets and unsanitary dwellings.

As surveyor-general, Wren was in charge of the task of rebuilding not only St. Paul's but the whole city. For forty years he worked incessantly. In addition to St. Paul's, he rebuilt fifty-two parish churches, thirty great halls, and two hospitals, besides his work on Westminster Abbey. Wren's plans for rebuilding the city were very thorough, but he met with too much opposition. He had hoped to clear away, or set back, the houses about each of these churches, but being prevented from that, he accepted the situation philosophically, wasted no time on elaborate fronts or façades that could not be seen, and concentrated his attention on the spires and interiors that could be seen.

The city of London today is what Wren made it; it is a classical structure on a medieval plan; if Wren could have had his way, it would have been classical in every respect. It would have been far more magnificent, far more logical, but far less typically English. As it

stands, it is a compromise. Wren gave the city its new silhouette, and built his extraordinary symphony of white spires around a dark dome. In their shadow, however, Londoners rebuilt their ancient maze of narrow, winding streets and crooked lanes. It is because Wren's churches had to remain hidden in these narrow alleys that he gave all his thought to the spires, and as a result the city possesses what no other city in the world can show—a co-ordinated group, a harmony of all its church spires conceived by one master builder. In the words of Paul Cohen-Portheim: "Here it is truly right to speak of a symphony in stone, but it is a symphony that is not often noticed, for high modern buildings have spoiled the original proportions. If, however, we get a view from a nearby tower or from the other side of the river, we realize that it is without doubt one of the architectural wonders of the world. How extraordinary is the variety of those towers and how extraordinarily original is the English interpretation of the classical renaissance!"

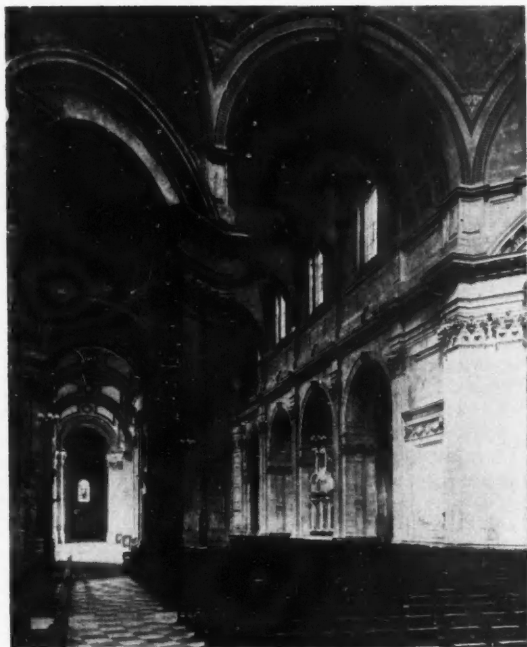
The Cathedral authorities, despite the advice of Wren, tried to restore the old building, but when the nave fell down on their heads they got discouraged. Finally, Wren was given permission to raze the old walls to the ground and start from new foundations. This gave him the opportunity to fulfil his dream of a cathedral of a totally different style. His next worry was to provide a plan that the authorities would accept. The first one he submitted encountered bitter opposition; it was his favorite design, but it was never used. The clergy, with one accord, cried out against it because it was so different from the churches to which they were accustomed—their idea of a cathedral was still a Latin cross with nave, choir, and transepts with aisles. Wren's design had no regular aisles or nave, and the choir was circular instead of oblong, very much on the plan of St. Peter's at Rome, and also including a dome. Finally, in disgust, Wren made other

drawings, one of which gave them everything they wanted, and even though distasteful to the architect, it was endorsed by the King and used as the beginning plan. Nothing but true genius could have enabled the architect to evolve from its ridiculous outlines the splendid cathedral that he actually contrived, and in so doing, he availed himself to an incredible extent of the king's permission to make variations from time to time as he saw fit.

The architect entrusted nothing to his subordinates; he took the entire responsibility of construction. On a platform raised sufficiently for him to overlook the whole area, he was to be seen day after day personally directing the demolition

of the old Cathedral; one visualizes him surrounded by falling walls, often hidden in clouds of dust, encouraging those who feared disaster from sudden collapses, while the great structure was gradually levelled with the ground. Wren's natural tact and amiability soared triumphantly over much that might have worried a more irritable or sensitive man to death. His salary was only two hundred pounds a year, yet he was not suffered to receive even this in peace. At every turn he was hampered and thwarted by lesser men who were utterly incompetent, and his enemies set out to ruin him in various ways, charging frauds and abuses even though he was a man of spotless integrity in an age that was notorious for its lack of honesty and morals.

The first stone of the new St. Paul's was laid in 1675, and twenty-two years later the Cathedral was first used for divine service. It was another thirteen



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL

years, however—in 1710—before the last stone was added to the dome by Wren's son, representing his father, who was then seventy-eight years of age. The dome of the great Cathedral moved Hawthorne to such intense admiration that he wrote: "St. Paul's appears to me so unspeakably grand and noble, and the more so from the throng and bustle continually going on round its base, without in the least disturbing the sublime repose of its great dome."

There is none of the romance of Westminster Abbey about the interior of the new St. Paul's, and some people think it is rather bare, cold, and colorless, but there is a certain dignity about it, with a continual emphasis of solidity and character. It is not cumbered with gravestones as Westminster is, but appropriately enough, since it is the Imperial Cathedral, it shelters the bodies or contains the monuments to the memory of the Empire's fighting men.

How vivid are the pictures of a historic past that arise in the mind's eye at these great monuments! Everything is of deep national import: Nelson and Trafalgar, Wellington and Waterloo! These are the thoughts that thrill every Englishman. Literature is here represented by Samuel Johnson, who was a regular communicant at the Cathedral; art by Joshua Reynolds and Turner; and philanthropy by John Howard, the Quaker crusader against prison abuses. Wren's famous epitaph is over the north doorway—"If you seek his monument, look about you"—but he is buried in the enormous crypt that runs the entire length and breadth of the building. In the north transept is the Musicians' Aisle, with a tablet and list of organists, and memorials to Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir John Stainer.

The first mention of an organ at St. Paul's is in the year 1552. In 1694 the Dean and Chapter, on the advice of Wren and Dr. Blow, the King's organist, gave an order to Bernard Smith for an organ with twenty-eight stops. Wren wanted to have this organ placed on one side of the choir so that there might be an uninterrupted view the whole length of the Cathedral. But the Dean and Chapter insisted on having it placed on the choir screen. The organ builder, known affectionately as "Father Smith," wanted to install some additional pipes but Wren refused to allow any more room. This has a modern sound, for organists and architects are always fighting over space for an organ. Wren declared that his building was already spoilt by "the confounded box of whistles," but Smith stored those pipes which he had had to omit in the Cathedral, with the expectation of installing them some day. It was a case of one old man waiting for another old man to die so that he might have his way, but the architect outlived the organ builder, and the pipes never found their way into the instrument.

In 1871 the frequently rebuilt and now famous instrument was taken down and rebuilt in two sections into its pres-

ent location on either side of the choir. The original case is on the north side, where the organist sits. Designed by Wren and carved by the famous Hollander, Grinling Gibbons, this magnificent case is one of the most perfect Renaissance organ fronts in the world. It is a happy instance of what can be achieved when a master-hand works in conjunction with a master-mind. The tone of the organ is perhaps the most glorious I heard in England, and the marvelous resonance of the building gives it an individual effect entirely its own. More than one musician has remarked that even a sneeze in St. Paul's sounds musical, and that the rumble of the traffic outside is captured by the dome and translated into a pedal note. So even an ordinary organ would sound well in that auditorium, but when we have an instrument of the nature of the present one, combined with the acoustic properties of Wren's masterpiece, the effect reaches the heights of sublimity.

Like all great works of art, St. Paul's Cathedral has been exposed to the winds of the varied criticism of two centuries; and having been so exposed, it emerges the most momentous monument that England has to show of the baroque period. From first to last Wren was its creator, its untiring nurse, and its proud completer. The more one studies the graceful and beautiful outline of this wonderful structure, the curve of the dome, the strong horizontal lines with which he binds it together, the noble dignity of the colonnade with its unbroken entablature sweeping around, the more one realizes what a great artist Christopher Wren proved himself to be.

The real attraction of St. Paul's is, however, not in its material form, as I said before, but in its spirit. It stands on its little hill above the river, pointing always to something eternal, beside which all the stress and turmoil around it are nothing. Only a miracle has saved this monument of solid, immovable faith from the bombs that nightly fall to destroy all about it.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Monument to a Great Pittsburgher

ANDREW W. MELLON was one of the greatest men that Pittsburgh has produced. He applied his thinking to the development of industry and the spread of wealth in this country by increasing employment everywhere. He cared nothing for money as money, but only as a means to the greater prosperity of all our citizens through what money would do. When he invested his capital in steel works and railroads and steamships he knew that he was expanding America. He believed implicitly in America and in the American tradition of real liberty and healthful growth. He was for many years chairman of the Carnegie Institute's finance committee, and once, when there was a large sum to be invested and he proposed to put it in steel and railroads, someone questioned the choice by saying that the Carnegie institutions already had a good deal of money in those enterprises. His reply showed the texture of his mind. He said: "Whenever the securities of this steel company and this railroad company are not good, nothing in America will be good."

The esthetic side of the man developed itself in a love of art. Without much regard to the prices asked, which were sometimes large, he bought many of the existing masterpieces of all the centuries and of all the countries, until

Joseph Duveen declared that Mr. Mellon's collection was the finest private group in America. When he felt the time approaching that these pictures should be permanently placed, he gave them to the people of the United States, and arranged that they, with others

that would come later to the same hospitable home, should be deposited in a building erected by him—one of the most charming, esthetic, and beautiful art structures in the world—the total cost of which approximated \$15,000,000.

In his private office as Secretary of the Treasury he found the country involved in a back-breaking debt of \$26,000,000,000; and with the thought that the

United States Treasury was simply an enlarged Mellon National Bank, he met all the financial requirements of the government, and besides that task he paid off this debt at the rate of \$1,000,000,000 a year for eleven years. He closed his public service as ambassador to Great Britain.

The dedication of Mr. Mellon's magnificent gift to his country, with the participation of the President of the United States, marked its importance and its meaning to all the people in the land. He had always felt that America had everything that a great country should possess except a national art gallery suitable to its needs. This idea



ANDREW W. MELLON

grew in him until he had planned not only the gallery, but also until he had established its standard by the gift of a collection that embraces the finest works that human genius has created.

The National Gallery tops a career that was filled with great achievements, and Andrew Mellon's fame will grow

into permanent endurance as his character becomes more and more a precious possession of his countrymen.

A simple gentleman, he was a citizen of the world who believed in freedom, and brotherhood, and peace; and to further these ends he strove mightily and with success.

INTERNATIONAL WATER COLORS

A Selection To Be Shown on the Balcony through May 4

FOR twenty years The Art Institute of Chicago has presented an annual International Water Color Exhibition. It was the idea of its organizer, the late Robert B. Harshe, to do for the then neglected medium of water color what the annual Carnegie International Exhibition was doing for oil painting. Each year the Carnegie Institute, through a happy arrangement with The Art Institute of Chicago, has been privileged to show a selection of the water colors.

Through the years the plan has worked out in a fortunate way, for it has permitted the people of Pittsburgh to see the development of this method, to become acquainted with the ever increasing number of artists who are turning to water color as a means of art expression, and, through the international character of the exhibition, to be in position to follow the trend in each country and to compare the works of American water colorists with those of other countries.

The present selection of eighty-nine water colors now being shown on the Balcony of the Hall of Sculpture is from the 1941 International Water Color Exhibition. Throughout the exhibition—which opened on April 3 and will continue through May 4—a fresh and spirited approach prevails, and it is an exceptionally lively display of a medium which at least in this country is growing in popular appreciation.

The selection at the Carnegie Institute holds its international character in

spite of the curtailment of the European representation due to the war. At the time the exhibition was assembled outstanding works from the major countries were still to be found in the United States. England is represented by James McBey, Muirhead Bone, D. Y. Cameron, Arthur Briscoe, and Edmund Blampied; Germany by artists who are no longer accepted in their own country, such as Karl Schmitt-Rottluff, Max Pechstein, Emil Nolde, and Max Beckmann; France by Jean Lurçat, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, Charles Dufresne—who died in 1938—and Jacques Mauny; Czechoslovakia by Willie Nowak; Belgium by Frans Masereel; Poland by Zygmunt Menkes; Switzerland by Paul Klee, who died during the year; and Guatemala by Carlos Merida.

It is interesting to observe the variety of technique employed by the European artists. The Belgian, Frans Masereel, for instance, in his brilliantly handled water color, "Port of Marseilles at Night," which suggests both the eerie and the romantic aspects of the water front, develops his theme in the free, bold, broad manner of the Americans who follow in the footsteps of Winslow Homer. The English, on the other hand, like McBey and Cameron, appear with minute drawing and delicate wash so characteristic of their school. The French, as usual, display a variety of technique in the use of the medium; and the French cubists and abstract artists take to water color, and find in it as



TROPICAL MEXICO BY ADOLF DEHN

expressive a medium as do those who work with eighteenth century suavity and facility. The French again demonstrate their gift as experimenters and explorers in any given medium.

Naturally the representation from the United States is large. Among the well-known names are Émil Ganso, Thomas Hart Benton, Paul Sample, Morris Kantor, George Grosz, Waldo Peirce, Walt Dehner, Randall Davey, Millard Sheets, Hobson Pittman, Barse Miller, William C. Palmer, John Whorf, George Biddle, Jon Corbino, Andrée Ruellan, John Marin, Zsissly, Charles Burchfield, Francis Chapin, and Ogden M. Pleissner.

The Americans take no second place to the French in the matter of variety of subject, variety of mood, and variety in the use of the medium. As for subject, it is noticeable that there is a turning away from the social message which was so pronounced four or five years ago. The subjects are drawn from the familiar every-day life, from the small town, the race track, harbors, and flowers. Adolf

Dehn is a good example of the subject approach, for one moment he is found doing a humorous night-club episode and the next a detailed, dramatic, and colorful landscape of "Tropical Mexico." Moods are created in water colors largely by the manner of drawing and the color. There is a definite mood and a rather depressing one in Lee Blair's "Night on the Line"; the same is true of Louis Eilshemius' "Murder"; and then another mood—this time one of lusciousness and richness—is in the decorative, tapestrylike water color of Louis Ferstadt, entitled "Ripe Fruit." Among the Americans, one finds all the technique known to water colorists, though the prevailing one is the big, broad, undetailed washes, in which the paper itself plays a prominent part. American water colorists in their work are clean and clear, spontaneous and alive, giving the impression that they enjoy their activity and adventure in this medium that has such an appeal for their audience.

J. O'C. JR.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



IN THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for April 1939 acknowledgment was made of a gift of \$500 coming to the Carnegie Institute of Technology under most unusual circumstances, because it came from the Pittsburgh Female College Association, and the comment was then made that money donated from one school for the upbuilding of another school was truly a sign of a rare character of good neighborhood. The gift was made by these generous friends for the establishment of endowed prizes in the music department of Carnegie Tech. The meaning seems to be—sentimentally, at least—almost equivalent to the purchase by them of a part ownership in Tech's music school. In effect it is that.

But that gift was not all; for the postman—who is never required to ring twice when he comes to the Garden of Gold—has just brought a second gift from the same institution of \$250, which by itself is worth \$750 in the 1946 settlement with the Carnegie Corporation of New York, whereby the Corporation gives two dollars for every one raised at Pittsburgh in the undertaking to gather in \$4,000,000 in order to receive \$8,000,000 from them. The \$500 already acknowledged in 1939, and now this \$250, make a total of \$750, the real value of which is \$2,250.

We have spoken of the sentiment of buying an ownership in the school of music. All the millions that are coming into the Garden of Gold in this reach for \$4,000,000 will surely convey to the givers this same sense of ownership in the institution which they are so highly favoring. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

What would happen if some great-souled man would make a gift of one million dollars to Carnegie Tech? Well, the first thing that would happen would be a jump in the value of his gift to

\$3,000,000. Men have done that, although never before with that jump value. Why not now?

In Pittsburgh, until his passing away, a few years ago, there lived a man of noble and exalted impulses—Theodore Ahrens by name—who, immensely successful in all those things that enrich life and remembering the poverty of his own beginning, established a chair at Carnegie Tech known forever as the Theodore Ahrens Professorship for Plumbing, Heating, and Ventilating. There was nothing in the world that quite covered the ground that Mr. Ahrens had pre-empted for this benevolence; and very soon there was at Carnegie Tech a fountain of knowledge, drinking from which the poor boys of the community became gifted in the construction each year of a house that had every requirement of those three fundamental essentials—plumbing, heating, and ventilation. And the maintenance of this chair—now a perpetual memorial to Theodore Ahrens—has just received a life-giving annual gift of \$2,500 from Mr. Ahrens' representatives.

Let it be noted that—apart from Carnegie Tech—many people are buying a sentimental ownership in the Carnegie Institute. The Gardener has just received from Mr. Childs Frick a check for \$1,500 for the advancement of the Carnegie Museum's great work in the field of paleontology. The collection of historic relics of animals that lived—possibly some of them—before the flood, certainly some of them 250 million years ago, is now a matter of fame throughout the world; and on many other occasions Mr. Frick has made contributions that have added greatly to the value of that field of knowledge.

Alumni Federation contributions to the 1946 Endowment Fund that have been sent in and not yet recorded here

OUR NEW TRUSTEE

amount to \$58 and represent the gifts of the following alumni: E. J. Azinger, Marjorie Bartholomew, A. Zellers Bedell, Mary C. Blankenship, Henry C. Brown, Roy C. Corderman, Lawrence E. Dempsey, L. E. Frost, H. S. Hower Jr., and Nancy Sloan Sutch. This amount, added to the previous gifts contributed by the Alumni Federation, makes their total contribution to Tech's Endowment Fund \$22,098.65.

Adding these contributions to the total sums recorded in the Garden of Gold for March 1941 brings the total of cash gifts contributed for the work of the Carnegie institutions since the inauguration of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, in April 1927, to the following amounts: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,313,322.95; for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, \$40,629.12; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$230,745.68 for operation and equipment, and for its 1946 Endowment Fund—for each dollar of which the Carnegie Corporation of New York will give two dollars—\$1,604,335.32; making a grand total of \$3,189,033.07. There is still \$2,395,664.68 to be raised before the two-for-one arrangement with New York can be met. Cannot we get a million of that during this year of 1941?

SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATION

Wednesday, April 23, is the 377th birthday of William Shakespeare, of whom Emerson said, "What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?"

The birthday of this "myriad-minded" poet will be celebrated at the Carnegie Institute, at ten-thirty in the morning, by the Shakespeare Birthday Club of Pittsburgh, with exercises before his statue at the entrance to Carnegie Music Hall. Henry F. Boettcher, head of the department of drama at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, is the president of the club—the first of its kind to be organized in the United States—and he will greet the bard on his natal day.



H. J. HEINZ II

H. J. HEINZ II, our new trustee, is a native Pittsburgher, as were his father, the late Howard Heinz, and his grandfather, the late H. J. Heinz, who founded the well-known company that bears his name. Mr. Heinz received his early education at Shady Side Academy and then entered Yale, from which he was graduated in 1931. He did post-graduate work at Cambridge University in England for a year, and since then has devoted all his time to the H. J. Heinz Company. He was elected a director of this company in 1936 and shortly thereafter became assistant to the president. His father died in February 1941, and in that same month Mr. Heinz was elected to succeed him as president of the company. He has been an extensive traveler to many parts of the world, including some of its less-known corners, and has spent considerable time in England and the continent, as well as in Australia. Mr. Heinz was married in 1935 and has a son, H. J. Heinz III.

PICASSO

By JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

Assistant Director, Department of Fine Arts

[Late in 1939 The Museum of Modern Art of New York City, in collaboration with The Art Institute of Chicago, organized an exhibition called "Picasso: Forty Years of His Art." After the exhibition was shown in New York and in Chicago, a generous representative selection from it toured a number of American cities under the auspices of The Museum of Modern Art. Pittsburgh was, fortunately, one of the points on the circuit, and the exhibition was at the Carnegie Institute from March 17 to April 13, 1941.]

IN one of the rare moments when Picasso discussed painting, he said: "Everyone wants to understand art. Why not try to understand the song of a bird? Why does one love the night, flowers, everything around one, without trying to understand them? But in the case of a painting people have to understand. If only they would realize above all that an artist works of necessity, that he himself is only a trifling bit of the world, and that no more importance should be attached to him than to plenty of other things which please us in the world, though we can't explain them! People who try to explain pictures are usually barking up the wrong tree. Gertrude Stein joyfully announced to me the other day that she had at last understood what my picture of the three musicians was meant to be. It was a still life!"

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately from his point of view, no other artist has had so much written in explanation of himself and his painting as Picasso. Few people seem to want to enjoy him visually; they want to see paintings with their ears. One no sooner expresses this thought than it occurs to him how ridiculous it is. Even those who decry the auditory approach to Picasso find themselves, paradoxically, explaining him in the attempt to resist explanation and understanding.

Jean Cassou, in the introduction of the recently published book, "Picasso," has an ingenious and plausible theory to explain the most celebrated of living painters. He discusses Picasso in terms of solitude. "It is always necessary to

set out from solitude," he writes, "if one wishes to understand the Spanish genius." The reference to "Spanish genius" is not to Picasso as an individual but to the collective term, "genius," and he hastens to add that Picasso, of all Spaniards, is no exception to the rule. He appears to Cassou to be the loneliest man on earth; he creates solitude. The drawing, "Self Portrait," done in 1900, bears this out, as does his photograph and the subject matter of many of his paintings—particularly of his Blue Period. The successive transformations of Picasso in his periods or phases—as we have come to term them—reveal the solitary essence of his unity, his personality, his genius, his reality. Picasso is an empty tablet so sensitive in its solitude that civilization writes what it will. As a true artist he, in his isolation and solitude, does not express himself but becomes a willing instrument through which truth is expressed. Cassou recognizes Picasso's fugitive relationships with those arts of the past which have at different times inspired him. This is an important point because, while emphasis is usually placed on Picasso's originality and invention of art forms, those who would have others understand stress his dependence on tradition. Cassou, holding to his theory of solitude, explains Picasso's relationships to other masters thus: "However much resistance the solitary painter may offer to the forms of his solitude, these forms exist and come from somewhere. Some known origin must animate them—a memory, a reason. The recluse, having chosen

painting to express his solitude, if not to people it or shrink from its population, must use forms which speak in terms of painting; they come to him from the world of painting."

The aloofness, the isolation, the solitude of Picasso may account for the "disaccord, more or less obscure, more or less conscious, which exists between present-day society and those whose business it is to express it." This disaccord, which is more pronounced in relation to Picasso's

art than to the art of any other contemporary painter, has had serious consequences for the artist and his public. Father Couturier, in comment on this, and particularly in reference to Picasso, wrote: "Of this spiritual solitude wherein the great independent artists have thought and worked, and which is bad for them, Catholic thought has known nothing. Their interior wilderness has in part been created, then, by our absence. We had not the right to be absent. If we had been present, this tormented and cruel world of modern art would have been different. It would have been a gain for both sides." And then he goes on to tell us of our approach to Picasso. "In any case one rule is imposed on all of us: we do not know everything; we have many things to learn. We must be modest the minute we enter into these realms of the spirit where there is ever going on such mysterious exchanges and where often one can give nothing if one has not first of



WOMAN IRONING—1904

all agreed to receive a great deal."

Even when Thomas Craven is writing of Picasso as a master of an extinct school and as one who has closed an epoch, signed and sealed for posterity, he cannot resist paying him the tribute of greatness. He writes: "His great technical ability, his unrivaled inventiveness, and his exhaustive research, leading to the most extraordinary combinations in painting, have stimulated artists in all parts of the world to the study of method. He has

experimented with all the historical ways of handling space; he is the master of every instrument known to man." He might have added that Picasso, who is not yet sixty, has exercised during his own lifetime a greater influence on art than has any painter in history. He is an organizer of the first order and an adventurous spirit in visual art—painting, mural, water color, sculpture, costume design, etching, and the decorative arts.

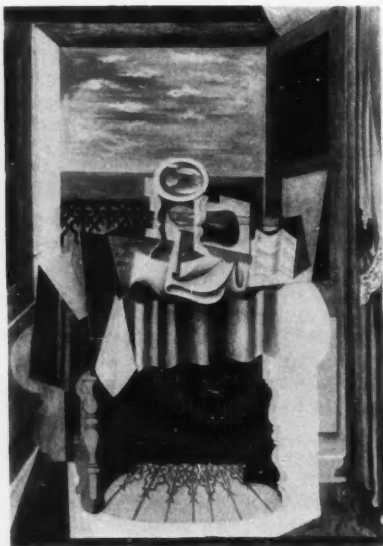
Picasso arrived at a time when design and form had been ignored by the academicians and dissipated by the impressionists in a maze of atmospheric tone. His own paintings, "The Artist's Sister" and "Le Moulin de la Galette," are typical of the state of painting when he was entering on his career. So much attention has been given to Picasso's interest in the problems of structure and organic relationship that his mastery of color has been neglected. It is color that distinguishes painting from the

other arts. A painter may know how to draw, he may be able to make a composition, to design, and to create form, but if he has not mastered color, he has missed the one essential thing of his calling. The fact that several of his periods have been given the names of colors indicates the part they have played in his career. The very daring of an attempt to paint a series of pictures limiting oneself principally to blue or pink or rose indicates his command of his medium. Given a definite color, he develops all the nuances of it in a canvas. In the early stages of Cubism his interest in form and design were paramount, but he began to introduce color in such compositions as "Bird on a Branch," "Green Still Life," and "The Window." In the Classic Period color was a minor element, but it came into its own again in "The Red Tablecloth," "Still Life with a Bottle of Wine," "Pitcher and Bowl of Fruit," in which the colors recall medieval stained glass; and "Girl Before a Mirror," which is brilliant in color. When he came to the mural, "Guernica," he again put color aside as he did in his early examples of Cubism. "Guernica" is painted in black, white, and grey. In striking out on a new path, it seems as if he must dispense with color, and only when form has been clarified is he free to let his emotions flow and color come to its own again.

It is said, and with more than an ordinary degree of accuracy, that Picasso's Cubist canvases—and they are very

numerous and fill an important place in his work, having occupied him for a long time—are the most austere and difficult things which the public has ever met. It is not enough to know that the development of Cubism from the primitive style of the art of the African negro, memories of El Greco, and the experiments of geometrical form set forth by Cézanne, as seen in Picasso's painting, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," proceeded in a logical manner to such canvases as "Woman with a Mandolin" or "Standing Figure." Gertrude Stein, among others, has pointed out the connection between Spain and Cubism. She relates that Picasso went again to Spain in 1909 and brought back with him to Paris landscapes that were definitely the beginning of Cubism. Picasso had taken photographs of the villages from which he made his landscapes, and when people protested against the fantasy of these landscapes, it amused him to show the photographs. The paintings were almost faithful reproductions. Spanish villages were as cubistic as the paint-

ings. Cubism was a part of the daily life of Spain. One finds it in the architecture. In some countries architecture always follows the lines of the landscape. It does in Italy; it does in France. But in Spain architecture always cuts the lines; the work of man does not accord with the landscape, it is opposed to it. It is also this which explains the need of introducing real objects into a picture: the actual newspaper, the real pipe, the plate. The actual



THE WINDOW—1919



GUERNICA MURAL—1937

object furnishes the stable element, the rigid contrast with the rest of the picture. The artist wished to find out whether, by the force of intensity and realism, the rest of the picture was in accord. One may see in Barcelona shops, in place of picture postcards, little square frames containing a real cigar, a pipe, a handkerchief, all set off by bits of paper cut to represent other objects—exactly such arrangements as one can see in so many Cubist paintings. And all this is modern in a Spain centuries old. Cubism is a purely Spanish conception. It is natural that a Spaniard should express in painting the soul of the twentieth century, where nothing is in accord; neither the sphere with the cube, nor the landscape with the houses, nor great quantities with the small.

Picasso likes to deny the use of the term, "evolution," in his artistic career. He says: "I often hear the word, 'evolution.' Repeatedly I am asked to explain how my painting evolved. To me there is no past or future in art. If a work of art cannot live always in the present, it must not be considered at all." Whatever Picasso may think, to most people the exhibition, "Picasso: Forty Years of His Art," was a remarkable way of showing his evolution, his development as an artist. The exhibition carried him from the beginning of his art career in 1898 through his Blue

Period, his Rose Period, his Negro Period, the beginnings of Cubism, Analytical Cubism, Synthetic Cubism, his Classic Period, Surrealism, his return to Analytical Cubism, his Bone Period, the Stained Glass Period, the mural, "Guernica," and beyond. No other artist in our times has been so prolific, no one's work has gone through so many transformations which may be definitely marked and dated, and no one has been so inventive of new art expressions.

While it is not the latest work, the exhibition culminates in the famous decoration, "Guernica." This was painted by Picasso for the Spanish Government Building at the Paris World's Fair in 1937. It is the artist's reaction to the destruction of the Basque town of Guernica by German bombing planes in April 1937. We have discussed the fact that it is painted in black, white, and grey. In his outpouring of indignation the artist called into play all the resources of his craft. While the mural is in no sense dependent upon his early work, there are hints of it all through the exhibition, particularly in the canvases, "Seated Bather, 1929" and "Crucifixion, 1930," and in the etching, "Minotauremacy, 1935." The decoration is the answer to Have-lock Ellis' definition of Spanish art as "the expression in painting of a comba-

tive and warlike temperament, the transformation into art of valor."

It was Diego Rivera, first a disciple of Picasso and later his friend, who pays tribute thus to his genius: "I still believe that Cubism is the most important single achievement in plastic art since the Renaissance. Shall I modify this by excepting the genius of the reasoning

Cézanne, and the intuitive Renoir, whose paintings contain all the elements of art? But this does not change my opinion, for the genius of Picasso was in this, that he saw clearly and explained for the first time in modern life that hidden universal structure which other great artists had perceived but only hinted at."

EXHIBITION NIGHT AT TECH

ON Friday evening, April 25, between 7:30 and 10:30, some fifteen or twenty thousand Pittsburghers will make their yearly visit to the campus of the Carnegie Institute of Technology to see the students at work in the classrooms, studios, shops, and laboratories of the various departments. This thirty-fifth annual open house will extend all over the campus from the Morewood Avenue entrance, where the dress parade of the R.O.T.C., with music by the famed Kiltie Band, will take place at seven o'clock prior to the opening of the buildings. At the gymnasium the always popular fashion revue of the department of costume economics of Margaret Morrison Carnegie College—this year including a representation of a military wedding, with the girls assisted by nine officers of the Tech R.O.T.C. in full dress—will be held; and, at the Masonry Shop, the perennial favorite of exhibition visitors—the model house—will be on view.

This year Mavis June Johnsen, a junior in the department of architecture, designed the feature exhibit of the Masonry Shop—a recreation building for a girls' camp. Architectural students and evening students in carpentry and masonry have erected the building, and students of interior decoration have selected and installed the furnishings. It is about six hundred square feet in area and contains a large room with an open fireplace and a covered terrace for lounging, reading, and card games.

Another special feature of this year's exhibition, new to regular visitors, will be engineering defense training, in which approximately seventeen hundred students are engaged at present. There will be no interruption of recitations in the defense courses, but laboratory and shop courses will be open for inspection. A new display of considerable interest will be the World's Fair dioramas that were presented to Carnegie Tech recently by the United States Steel Corporation. These animated models were described in *THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* for March 1941, and will be in operation in the College of Engineering. Models of river channels, dams, and flood-control projects in the hydraulic research laboratory; and the "phantom lamp" in the physics department are among the other wonders in this same college.

At the College of Fine Arts there will be a program in the Little Theater in which the departments of drama and music will alternate, and in the exhibition room the work of students in other art fields will be on view. Practice rooms, drafting rooms, studios, and the fine arts library will all be open to visitors, as well as the new studio theater of the drama department in the Carnegie Commons building.

Carnegie Tech courses cover a wide range of technical subjects, and a visit to the campus offers exceptional opportunity to observe the work of this Pittsburgh institution.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing "*The Beggar's Opera*" by John Gay

By HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



PROBABLY NO English play, with the exception of Shakespeare's work, has been revived more frequently than John Gay's "*The Beggar's Opera*." Its initial run of sixty-two nights—though this might

make the authors of "*Tobacco Road*" and "*Hellzapoppin*" raise their eyebrows—was unprecedented at the time. Its popularity continued unabated during the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. Dr. W. E. Schultz, in his scholarly and admirably documented "*Gay's Beggar's Opera*," lists sixty or more revivals between 1728 and 1878. At that time there seems to have been a lull. Perhaps Gay's language was a little too robust for chaste mid-Victorian ears. When it was revived in London in 1920, however, it ran for three and a half years without interruption! It has been played with a complete female cast, with a he-Polly and a she-Macheath, with a cast of children under ten; it has been performed with all sorts of additional music and without any music at all; it has been preached against, censored, and prohibited; re-written, lengthened, and abbreviated; it has survived all these indignities, and here it is, after three hundred and thirteen years of use and abuse, delighting an audience at our Little Theater!

"*The Beggar's Opera*" has been spoken of as a satire on contemporary government, and we are told that, in

the first performance, Peachum was made up to suggest the unpopular minister, Sir Robert Walpole. There are certainly a good many jokes at the expense of statesmen and the Court, although they seem to us now very general, but an understanding of the political situation of the day is not necessary to our enjoyment of the piece. It has been considered, with more reason, a burlesque of Italian Opera, and its popularity is said to have driven the Italian opera out of England for the moment. In the prologue, "*The Beggar*"—the ostensible composer—calls it "an opera in all its forms," though not "throughout unnatural like those in vogue." Attention is called to the absurdities of certain conventional operatic situations, as in the final trio between Macheath, Polly, and Lucy; and in the mock-serious duet, "Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes." But the burlesque is almost altogether in the situations and not in the music. The pretty songs and ballads remain, as far as their music is concerned, very much as Gay found them.

Some writers have insisted on looking on "*The Beggar's Opera*" as social satire—an exposure of the prison system, an indictment of the Upper Classes by making the most reprehensible sections of the Lower Classes—highwaymen, "thief-takers," ladies of the town—their would-be imitators. This point of view, if it is tenable at all, was certainly not emphasized in the present production. If any member of the illustrious family of Marx came to one's mind, it was Groucho rather than Karl. The truth is that although Gay definitely intended to satirize Italian opera, and probably the government and the

social system, too, he never lets his reforming zeal—which I imagine was not overpowering—interfere with his main object: that of writing a witty, gay, and entertaining play with music.

For the music to his lyrics, Gay selected anything that caught his fancy. The choice must surely have been Gay's and not that of the learned Dr. Pepusch, who "furnished the wild, rude, and often vulgar melodies with basses so excellent that no contrapuntist will ever attempt to alter them." (Dr. Burney speaking, not I.) We find in "The Beggar's Opera" not only English ballads, but Scottish, Irish, and Welsh folk tunes, French and Italian airs and dances, a march from Handel's opera, "Rinaldo," and several songs by Purcell. The poet fitted his words to the melodies with such amazing neatness and skill that in many cases the melodies have never since been sung to any other words but his.

The music, in spite of Dr. Burney, is charming and deserves good singing. This, alas! it did not get in the present production. With the exception of two, or perhaps three, none of the performers had what one could call a voice at all. Of course one has no right to expect accomplished vocalism from stu-

dents of the drama, but the songs would have gained enormously if the actors had used such voice as God had given them simply, and not tried for effects—mostly misjudged comic effects. My hat is off to the valiant accompanists, Betty O'Toole and Betty Stern, who stuck to their harpsichord with a valor worthy of the Victoria Cross. In some cases I should have had difficulty in recognizing the tune at all if it had not been for the accompaniment.

Apart from the singing, the performance was a lively and spirited one. Lehmann Engel, who directed, has evidently a predilection for broad comedy. He kept his actors busy all the time, darting about the stage and diving under tables, and showed a remarkable knowledge of the history of comic "business" from the remotest ages down to Gracie Fields. A great deal of it was entertaining, though perhaps there was too much of it. Personally, I should have found it more amusing to allow Gay's lines to speak for themselves. Occasionally I was so occupied in following the contortions of the actor that the lines themselves were lost.

"The Beggar's Opera" at the Little Theater was fortunate in its Polly. Besides being an actress, she was the pos-



STUDENT PLAYERS IN A SCENE FROM "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

essor of a pretty, light voice which she used effectively. This part seems to have been a great favorite with the actresses of the eighteenth century. The original Polly, Lavinia Fenton, and no fewer than four of the succeeding ones, if this be a measure of fame, married into the Peerage. Probably if there had been a Duke in the house—and she had not been already married—the Polly of the present revival would have followed suit! What captivated the earlier critics was the contrast between the sweetness and innocence of Polly and the rascality of the other characters—the idea of the “snowy dove trooping with crows.” Mr. Engel’s direction, which admitted no sentimental or even mildly serious note, did not allow of this interpretation. His Polly was a much more sophisticated damsel, and was smacked and kicked and pushed about as freely as any of her disreputable companions, and ended up in a drunken scene which Gay had omitted to write in.

The Macheath of the opening performance, who was obliged to give up the part on account of a serious throat infection, was evidently—and, under the circumstances, naturally—ill at ease in the role of the dashing highwayman. As a striking proof of the professional attitude that marks the department of drama, this long and difficult part was taken over, songs and all, by another student, William Eythe, at a day’s notice. When I saw “The Beggar’s Opera” a few days later, he was playing Macheath with an assurance that would have done credit to a seasoned troupier. To be sure, he had no singing voice to speak of, and much of the music lay too low for him, but he looked very gallant in his scarlet coat and played the part with a fine swagger.

Those grim villains, Peachum, Mrs. Peachum, and Lockit, were performed vociferously and with a vast amount of energy. I trust they did no permanent damage to their vocal cords. Peachum was frequently funny and might have been funnier still if the part had not been so overloaded with superfluous

business. A genuinely comic performance was that of Lucy Lockit. Her singing of the mock-operatic “I’m Like a Skiff on the Ocean Tost,” with its raucous cries of “Revenge! revenge! revenge!” was a delightful piece of foolery. The group of highwaymen, led by Matt of the Mint, sang their Handel March, “Let Us Take the Road,” with great spirit.

John E. Blankenship designed an amusing act-curtain, and his settings, with all their rococo curlicues, were pleasantly suggestive of the eighteenth century. The costumes, if not very consistent with regard to period, were bright and gay. Some of the men had decorated themselves with mustaches and beards—hirsute adornments that were as rare in the eighteenth century as the proverbial hen’s teeth. A word of commendation is due to the two property men. I have rarely seen a play with so many props—foaming tankards, doves, bottles of “rat-bane,” and “strong waters,” swords, pistols, etc., etc., all cut in silhouette out of painted cardboard—a joke that wore a little thin before the evening was over. To get all these on and off the stage and into the right hands must have required no mean powers of concentration. But altogether the performance was one that brought the drama students into a new field of theatrical work, in which they acquitted themselves with spirit and intelligence.

SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS

APRIL 3 TO MAY 4

Selection from the 1941 International Water Color Exhibition of The Art Institute of Chicago.

APRIL 15 TO MAY 26

Modern Mexican Art.

APRIL 17 TO JUNE 1

American Provincial Paintings: 1680-1860. (From the Collection of J. Stuart Halladay and Herrel George Thomas).

APRIL 21 TO MAY 25

Paintings by Everett Warner.



A GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION

THESE words are written on Good Friday, when the world is overcome with a visitation of horror, blood, and death that make it an unexampled Crucifixion of Humanity. It is related that after Jesus had taken upon Himself a period of fasting, and before His public career began, He examined His soul as to the life that lay before Him; and in this period of introspection an agency which is designated simply by the word "tempter" promised that if He would give His allegiance to Satan "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" should be His. Conquest, riches, power, and glory were on one side; subordination to law, poverty of possessions, humiliation from rank, and only His ability to think and to speak were on the other side. And He chose the ministry of the gospel for an earthly career which He well knew would be brief and tragic against the prodigality of the time.

That choice lies before every human being; and the complexion of the race is shown from age to age as men of leadership align themselves for service or for power.

There is a revelation given to mankind in the first chapter of John, where God is presented as the Light of the World, and Jesus is shown to be the expression of that light, in these astounding words: "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The declaration is "every man"; no man is excepted from this light.

It is intimated that the light may be obscured; men may fall so low that the light seems to have been obliterated; but it is not; it has only been shut off, as the turn of a button shuts our house light off today. It is always there, in the man, as in the house; "in every man that cometh into the world."

The world is under conquest today—Good Friday—by a man who, literally, has chosen a fellowship that seems to be bringing into his hand "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them"; and he is paying his homage to the tempter, whom Christ rejected. No picture of misery like that of this moment has ever appeared in human history. His armies ride over great forts and impassable barriers as the hurricane sweeps the forest; he plants himself on the floor of the ocean to send his missiles against the ships, and great armadas sink before his unseen power; he roars out of impenetrable clouds to destroy cities, whose cannon cannot reach him in his high stratosphere; he sweeps the earth of its cities and their people as if they had never existed; and all the men upon the earth he condemns to death or prison, and their women and children he consigns to hunger and bereavement. There is no defense; there is no escape. The conquered world is at his feet, in subjection and slavery, and the power is not in sight that can bid him stop.

Is it because we have lost the union of

brotherhood? Is it because, with more or less of haughtiness, we say that we are not our brother's keeper? Is it because, when Jesus answered the perplexed lawyer's question—"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" with the reply, "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself"—is it because, like that young lawyer, we have turned away sorrowing, for the world is too rich in pleasure to bend ourselves to the exactions of Christianity? Is that why the besom of destruction is sweeping the earth of its treasures? Faith has gone out of us, like that light that has been shut off. In this age men are ashamed of faith. Who are we that we need faith? Those tribes abroad, almost barbarous, some of them, have been ignored by us; but when we read the story of the Good Samaritan we behold that they are the very people whom we should succor in their wretchedness. Over the power of evil, good alone can triumph. Can we secure our deliverance by turning on the Light of the World?

THE PROPOSAL FOR UNION NOW

CLARENCE K. STREIT has for several years past been doing a work of great value in developing the public opinion of the world toward a federation of all nations into one political union. The idea is one that embraces in its broadest sense the brotherhood of men; and its foundation is built upon the principal sentiment of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." All these guarantees have recently been torn out of the bleeding heart of Europe; and the exigencies of the war have induced Mr. Streit to modify his plan, which he is now pushing upon our country with great energy as a demand for the immediate union of the British Empire with the United States.

The Editor of THE CARNEGIE MAGA-

ZINE, who views the ever changing world through his Window with the keenest interest, accepted an invitation from Mr. Streit several years ago, before the opening of the War, to become one of the vice presidents for the original federation movement. A congress of the states of the whole world, to take the place of the League of Nations, seemed to fulfil the dream which has stirred mankind from Grotius to Tennyson for an organization that would bind all men in an unbreakable peace. It was intended that each nation should be free, independent, and responsible within the general fabric of the human race.

But the living and exuberant dream of Grotius is something very much more alluring than the hurried substitute which Mr. Streit has now seized upon for an instant union of America with England. The political objections are too tremendous and too overwhelming. It cannot come now. But in the present situation, our country is straining every human, financial, and economic resource to help England in her desperate struggle to slay the Dragon. Edmund Burke's prophetic picture of America aiding England in her distress is burning itself into our hearts—the affluent Daughter bringing a new life force to the exhausted Mother from the overflowing fulness of her own breast.

FLORA WAVES HER WAND

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE is built in Schenley Park, and behind it lie four hundred acres of popular playground, wander groves, sparkling lakes, and wooded hills. At one side, in close proximity, lies its handmaiden, the Phipps Conservatory. Henry Phipps, who grew up from poverty to affluence in association with Andrew Carnegie, built this crystal palace as a nursery for brooding nature; and when it was dedicated in his presence many years ago it was bounteously stocked with every flower and plant that grew from the teeming bosom of mother earth.

But the Conservatory came upon evil

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days, and this precious gift sickened and fell away from its natural beauty, until its melancholy aloofness was marred by broken glass, and twisted roofs, and ailing rubber plants, and voracious rats.

Then came a woman noted for her civic virtue, who devoted ten years to the restoration of triumphant life in the Conservatory's forsaken boundaries. Once more, as Henry Phipps had planned it, she made it the nourishing home of everything that nature produced for the glorification of a great garden. And just now it has been thrown open for a spring show which, in its variety, its completeness, and its wholesome beauty, exceeds anything that Pittsburgh has ever seen.

This modern Flora, the goddess of flowers, has awakened here many minds to match her own in the creation and development of order in nature—minds of generous impulse in work and means. In her devotion to civic duties that call to service from heights far above the humdrum of our daily life—like Abou ben Adhem—Flora's name leads all the rest.

HITLER SAID THIS

The British nation can be counted upon to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary or whatever the means that have to be employed.

—MEIN KAMPE

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